

THE WARD HEALER

Weekly Chatter of U. S. Army Hospital No. 12

Vol. V—No. 10

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May 31, 1919



U. S. ARMY HOSPITALS

No.

12

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THE WARD HEALER

WEEKLY CHATTER OF U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL NO. 12

IT IS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS, BUT WE'LL DO MORE, DESERVE IT

A GAME THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE BASEBALL.

On last Friday at Oates Park, a game was indulged in that was called base ball. Not in the least did this game resemble the National pastime but for the sake of argument we will let the name stand as such. Major Leinbach, of the Medical Staff corralled less than a baker's dozen of officers that have never claimed to be base ball players and he challenged the team that Pep Bergman had formed, the patients from the empyema wards, that is, those who were convalescent. On, at or about the hour of three bells, the game was called by Captain William B. Caldwell, D. C., erstwhile Dental officer and Real base ball player. The Dental officer officiated as umpire and was there to the liking of both the teams and the fans as well. Quite a number of our fair nurses journeyed to the field to witness the struggle for supremacy in handling the spheroid and chalking up runs. No comments have been heard however from them as to the good or bad playing of the outfits. Quite a few of the officers sallied forth in search of recreation, and as far as we can learn, Captain Craig was not disappointed as he spent most of his time razzing Captain Hamley, who made an unsuccessful effort to play in several positions but failed utterly. His hitting was wonderful; the first time up he pulled a Casey stunt and the second time was hit by the pitcher. To the great disappointment of the fans, the Morale Officer failed to show the onlookers his speed on the bases.

Chaplain Williams of G. R. T. fame was stationed on the first bag and really he played an excellent game. Looked like at times that he would falter but you couldn't get 'em by him. Captain Alsop, the Emperor of Ward 1A, was handed the second sack to look after and it can be said in all truth that he showed real stuff. They couldn't go thru him, he stabbed them and handled the hottest ones with equal fervor. Could he hit?

Well, I should say so. Each time at bat netted a clean hit. Lieutenant Carlton during the latter part of the game played short and proved his worth as an addition to the team. Let's go. Major Leinbach chose for himself the hot end of the infield, third base, and was kept real busy thruout the afternoon chasing wild throws and liners that came his way; on the bases he is a wild cat, he played at all times like he had a big stake on the game. Captain Thomas played in left field, the place the elephant was housed during the recent circus, and the Captain was kept just hot footing it during the afternoon. The very amusing part of Captain Thomas' batting was that he could hit the ball whether he wanted to do so or not, and then he took his time about running too. Lieutenant Seabright played away out by the sign that reads "Don't kill your wife, let the Mountain City Laundry do the work." The Lieutenant was out of breath most of the time grabbing (at) them off the fence. Lieutenant Breakey was stationed near the sewer and he fished a good many (balls) from it, but luck was with us as one hit there meant only two bases. Captain Anthony of the Dental Corps was the pitcher of the day and Captain Sedwick of the I E N & T donned the mask. The battery, as named worked as two old timers, but the patients at times were too much at handling the willow. Captain Irving, during the last part of the game caught a few of the Dental Officer's twisters but retired in favor of Lt. Donnelly. Captain Irving handled himself as a real artist behind the bat.

The patients as a whole played an excellent game and easily outclassed the officers, the scores were too numerous to mention. Pep Bergman should be congratulated on having gotten up such a good team and the hospital is to be congratulated too on having turned these patients into good men once more after long seiges of pneumonia and empyema. The reconstruction and rehabilitation work

of the institution has done wonderful work.

* * *

HOSPITAL ORDERS NO. 27 EXTRACT

1. The tennis court on the northwest side of the hospital building having been completed and presented to the hospital by the American Red Cross, the following regulations will prevail as to the use of same:

The court will be reserved:

WEEK DAYS

7:00 a. m. to 12:00 noon for enlisted personnel of patients.

12:00 noon to 6:00 p. m. for patient officers and nurses.

After 6:00 p. m. for duty nurses and officers on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

After 6:00 p. m. for enlisted personnel on duty Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

SUNDAYS

7:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. for duty officers and nurses.

After 6:00 p. m. for enlisted personnel of hospital.

No one shall occupy the court more than one hour consecutively, provided others are waiting their turn to play.

The court will be under the care and supervision of the physical director of the Y. M. C. A. who will have authority to call attention to any abuse of grounds, and discontinue play at any time for proper repair of same.

No one will be allowed on the court in shoes other than recognized tennis shoes.

Equipment will be furnished at the Y. M. C. A. building.

Engagements for hours of play can be booked ahead by applying at the Y. M. C. A. office. The hours for opening and closing of the Y. M. C. A. will be from 9:00 a. m. to 10:00 p. m., except when entertainments extend beyond the latter hour.

No exceptions will be made to these rules.

By order of Major John B. McCreary. JENS CHRISTENSEN,
Captain, S. C., U. S. A., Adjutant.

News from Washington.

After having completed the payment of 1,400,000 claims for the sixty dollar bonus granted to officers and enlisted men, the Zone Finance Officer in Washington, D. C., is now busy paying claims of discharged soldiers for the one and one-half cent mileage due them under the Act of February 28th last. This Act authorized travel pay to enlisted men honorably discharged since November 11th at the rate of five cents per mile to actual bona fide home or residence, or place of original muster into the service. Until recently, discharged soldiers have been allowed three and one-half cents per mile, but the Comptroller of the Treasury has decided that discharged soldiers are entitled to the five cent rate. A blank form which includes the necessary affidavit for the additional travel allowance may be obtained from the recruiting officer, the Red Cross, or other agency organized to aid soldiers. The affidavit must be accompanied by a true copy of the soldier's discharge certificate, certified by a recruiting officer or the original discharge certificate, which later will be returned along with the check for travel allowance.

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Soldiers who are about to be discharged from the service should promptly notify the Bureau of War Risk Insurance to discontinue the payment of allotments and family allowances upon the termination of their service in the army. The Treasury Department has notified the War Department that its War Risk Bureau cannot discontinue these payments until notices of discharge are received from the soldiers. As a result of failure to forward these discharge notices, which are executed on Form 333 of the War Risk Bureau, this Bureau is paying to allottees large sums which otherwise are unauthorized, which it will be difficult if not impossible to recover.

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Soldiers still in the service may claim their insurance on account of total and permanent disability by executing Form 526, accompanied by a report from the examining or attending physician. If insurance is allowed, the Commanding Officer at the Hospital, Camp, Barracks, or station, will be notified by the War Risk Bureau.

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The Bureau of War Risk Insurance is charged with the duty of caring for compensable insane of the military service after

they are discharged from the army, and has undertaken to provide for their treatment. These cases are to be turned over directly to the responsibility of the Bureau in such manner that there will be no interval between discharge from the army and care in hospitals of the Bureau. The soldier will be sent directly to the institution designated by the Bureau and not discharged until his thereat.

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AMERICAN-MADE MOTION PICTURES MAKE A HIT WITH THE DUSKY SWAHELIS OF EAST AFRICA, WHERE THE MOVIE KISS WON NEW ADMIRERS.

THE movie kiss has won new admirers on the edge of the jungle.

No where is the love story of the screen more popular than among the Swahelis of German East Africa—those dusky German soldiers who became British troops after the conquest of the territory by General Smuts in December, 1917.

So says W. P. Stanley, a negro worker sent to serve the native and British soldiers in German East Africa by the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., in cooperation with the "Y" International Committee. Mr. Stanley, whose home is at 223 West 140th Street, New York City, has just returned from more than one year's service in the tropics.

"The Y. M. C. A. cinema theatre," Mr. Stanley said, in telling how the movies were brought to the Swaheli soldiers, "was the old German market place in Dares Salaam. We set up the screen in the middle of the hall. The Swahelis would crowd into the place, sitting one almost in another's lap, so that watching the pictures from both sides of the screen, fully 6,000 could be accommodated."

"They delighted in the sentimental pictures, the love stories, if the plot was not too complicated. They would shout exclamations of pleasure when the hero kissed the heroine. Their other favorite among the screen shows was the fairy story film, which, because of their simplicity, they could follow easily."

Often, Mr. Stanley said, the laugh of the hyena would cut into the clamor of heated debate. For the Y. M. C. A. organized a debating society among the British troops from the West Indies, and the Tommies

would plunge into a melee of talk over some such theme as:

"Resolved: That money is more essential to success than education."

"One day," Mr. Stanley said, "an old man all skin and bones, wandered into the camp. A deputation of the Gold Coast natives visited their commander, soon afterward. They had a request to make. Would the commanding officer permit them to eat this old man?"

Three Y. M. C. A. canteens were maintained for the Swahelis alone, and Mr. Stanley learned the language, in order to be able to supervise the natives in charge of them. The tastes of the Africans, he said, were quite un-exotic. They relished sardines and salmon, cakes, cheese and candy, quite as much as the average Tommy did.

Five Negro 'Y' workers served in German East Africa, and two of them gave their lives in that land where few white men can live a year.

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SHE WAS THE ONLY AMERICAN GIRL WITHIN 50 MILES, SO WHEN IT CAME TO A VOTE WHETHER THE BOYS RE- MAIN IN THEIR COMFORTABLE BAR- RACKS, OR LIVE IN A TOWN AND HAVE A 'Y' HUT, THEY SETTLED THE QUESTION TOUTE SUITE.

SOME hundred American soldiers soldiers voted unanimously to move out of their wooden barracks at Chauviroy-lo-Chatel, France, and take up quarters in barns in order that Miss Evelyn du Bois of 197 Madison Avenue, who has just returned after eighteenmonths' service as a Y. M. C. A. secretary overseas, might have the building for use as a 'Y' canteen.

"I was the only American girl within fifty miles," says Miss du Bois. "The captain of one of the Ambulance companies of the 80th Division put it straight up to the men as to whether they would rather have the use of the barracks or have a 'Y' hut established there. They moved out and found places in the barns in the neighborhood. There were about a hundred men who had been sleeping in the barracks and about 600 in the village whom the Y. M. C. A. could serve. It was a case of the greater good for the greater number, and the men weren't long in making their choice."

"After the 'Y' moved into the barracks and opened its canteen there, the men

pitched in and built window seats, upholstering them with straw,—stolen, I fear, from the farmers' strawstacks,—and covered them with turkey red cotton. When they were done the boys would sit on them with their feet cocked up and swear that it was the first time that they had really felt at home since they arrived in France.

"After the armistice was signed I got up into Germany with the Army of Occupation as far as Coblenz, and from there I was ordered back to Bordeaux. The men were on their way home then and I was given charge of a hut in a camp of 5,000 men at the village of Bassens, a little outside of the city.

"There were two interior decorators in the camp, enlisted men, and they painted the hut. We built a stage and they made very creditable masks of Comedy and Tragedy to flank the prosconium. They also stencilled a pretty decoration of spring flowers over the doorways and windows and the boys declared it was the prettiest hut in the neighborhood.

"We served eggs there and toast. The demand was tremendous. I don't know how many eggs I flopped personally, but you can get some idea of the extent of the business I did when I tell you that there was a detail of 22 men every day to flop eggs and make toast. It seemed as if everyone of those 5,000 men was always hungry."

Miss du Bois is going down to Camp Lee, Virginia, to meet the 80th Division men when they return this month. "I think," she said, "they will be glad to see me, and I know I want to see them again as soon as possible."

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A THEATRE THAT IS ALSO A CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT CHURCH, A NEGRO MEETIN' HOUSE, A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, A BANK AND A LIBRARY, IS THE VERSATILE STRUCTURE WHICH THIS RETURNED WAR WORKER TELLS ABOUT.

FRANCE boasts a theatre that is at the same time four different kinds of a church, a bank and a library.

Hundreds of thousands of American doughboys came upon it as they passed through the port of La Rochelle. All of them enjoyed it in one or another of its multiple individualities, for it was operated for them by the American Y. M. C. A., and a Cincinnati clergymen was in charge.

Its story was told by the clergyman himself, the Rev. John G. Anderson, of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, who has just returned to America after a year with the Y. M. C. A. overseas.

"It began," Mr. Anderson said, "by being just a 'Y' hut. Then two artist-soldiers came along and endowed it with a dignity which probably no other 'Y' hut in Europe acquired—a complete set of painted scenery, including a drop curtain, for its platform-stage.

"When President Wilson's daughter sang there, that scenery was the background.

"Then an ingenious Sergeant of the A.E. F. decided he would manufacture an altar

for it. He did, and it was a good altar, neatly made and carved, and painted with ship's paint, obtained, I think, from one of the vessels in the port. The altar was probably worth \$50 as it stood completed.

"So, when the scenery wasn't being used in a theatrical production and church time came around, we put up a neutral cloth background over the back drop, and arranged a platform for the particular kind of service to be held."

Confession -----	7:00 A. M.
Mass -----	8:00 A. M.
Jewish Services -----	9:00 A. M.
Protestant Services -----	10:30 A. M.
Negro Services -----	3:00 P. M.
Protestant Services -----	7:00 P. M.

Being a base port, La Rochelle had dire need, not only of the theatre and the various kinds of church which this "Y" hut provided, but for a bank as well. At La Rochelle, the American money that the doughboys brought over was promptly changed into French. Personal checks, New York drafts, certified checks and postal money orders were cashed.

Mr. Anderson says that the "Y" canteens at the port served 4,000 men daily, and that he himself conducted a banking exchange business averaging 15,000 francs, (about \$2,700) a week.

Meanwhile a library of 1,200 volumes was serving officers and privates alike. The librarian was a Southern negro private, who handled a circulation averaging 80 volumes a day for five months, with a loss of only three volumes."

The Week's Changes

DISCHARGES FROM HOSPITAL

May 19 to May 25

Fletcher, Gertrude, res. nurse.
Underwood, Elona M., res. nurse.
Byrne, Ellen A., res. nurse.
Sudduth, Emma L., res. nurse.
White Laura.
Klein, Benjamin.
Jenkins, Jenks B., Major.
Morrill, William B.
Tuberville, Bertie.
Nunce, Alexander W., 1st Lt.
Presley, LeRoy.
Bell, Oscar M.
Collins, Claude C., 1st Sgt.
Grant, Arthur R., Major.
Turner, Leslie P.
Tolocha, Charles A.
Munger, Arthur F.
Muldoon, Lena, res. nurse.
Ducci, Francesco.
Allen, Ben., Cpl.
Ronca, Nicholas.
Scott, Frank.
Sessom, Arthur, Sgt.
Boyd, Nellie M., res. nurse.
Bulluck, Ernest S., 1st Lt.
Carter, Melvin, 2d Lt.
Shuford, Edward L., 2d Lt.

Lyons, Isabelle M., nurse.
Manson, James.
Martin, Watt, Jr., 1st Lt.
Glaze, John W., 2d Lt.
Nance, Mrs. A. W.
Langley, Clarence.
Street, Herbert R.
Arthure, William J.
Emerson, James L.
Beglau, Jacob.
Bracey, Needham.
Sutton, Eston E.
Hildebrandt, John C.
Rabb, Robert L.
Fisher, Theo.
Halsey, Charles, Sgt.
Sylvester, Walter.
Royal, John P.

ADMISSIONS TO HOSPITAL

May 19 to May 25

Guthrie, Jennie D., res. nurse.
Milton, Ena J., cook.
Williams, Arthur, 1st Lt.
Nance, Mrs. A. W.
Bryan, David R.
Halford, Richard E., Jr., 2d Lt.
Jacobs, Gertrude, res. nurse.
Brooks, Charles S.
Spence, Hobert D.
Chrisman, Luella S., res. nurse.
Brigham, L. Eunice, res. nurse.
Watt, Harry F., Capt.
Bean, Jules A., 1st Lt.
Walker, Alfred H., 2d Lt.
Larrieu, Alyce, res. nurse.
McCuecheon, Anna M., nurse.
Britton, Clarence N.
Bishop, William F., Sgt.
McDougall, Daniel A.
Lawson, Clara E., nurse.
Turner, Cecilia S., res. nurse.
Mackin, Robert N., Jr., Major.
Glaze, John William, 2d Lt.
Bailey, Edith L., nurse.
Smith, Lula Clara, nurse.
Wurmser, Walter M.
Johnson, George.
Welch, William.
Webb, Joe.
McCoy, Alfred.
Roth, Carl C.
Hatfield, Hilbert.
Jackson, William A., Major.
Rutherford, Mary, res. nurse.
Welsh, Gus.
Coleman, Johnnie J.
Satterfield, William.
Dulin, Philip Benjamin.
DeVenny, Gladys M., res. nurse.



THE WARD HEALER



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Cpl. Hugh H. Benson ----- Editor
G. C. Cobb ----- Art Editor
Pvt. R. E. Hallock ----- Business Manager
Pvt. Jack Cooley ----- Asst. Art Editor

Capt. Wm. H. Hamley ----- Advisor
Capt. Jens Christensen ----- Censor

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BILTMORE, N. C., MAY 31st, 1919

OUR NEW MEMORIAL

To all our brave of every strife,
Who cherished freedom as their life,
We give our pledge anew today;
To honor every sacred name
By lifting high the noble flame
That lit their hallowed way.

There is an added depth of meaning in Memorial Day this year. To the consecrated names of Saratoga, Gettysburg and San Juan Hill, we add St. Mihiel, Ypres, Chateau Thierry and the Argonne—new shrines of our patriotic devotion.

These new names of battle fields, where Columbia's heroes waged holy combat, prove that American loyalty has lost none of its zeal through all the years of our republic. The flame of courageous ardor burned just as clear and strong in the testing hour, when militarism threatened to yoke the world, as it did in olden days when patriots starved and froze and bled to keep freedom's spark alive as at Valley Forge.

It has been so in each crisis which menaced our institutions of free government. At every call the hosts of brave and true have stood ready to fight or to die for the honor we have woven into the folds of the old flag.

This Memorial Day, marshaling before us the silent forms from Flander's fields and Cantigny to join the spirit ranks of our other great armies of immortals, must impress us all with the high duty of keeping our free institutions worthy of the sacred sacrifices made in battles gone and of

such priceless peerage that the millions yet unborn will value as their lives the holy heritage of being Americans.

In the war just passed we have extended the obligations of our democracy over all the earth. The graves of our heroes on foreign soil are pledges of our devotion unto death to our ideals of justice and freedom. Every cross upon the shell-cratered hillsides of France and Belgium corresponds to the light of hope we have reared into our Harbor of the Free. They add to the sacred story of American freedom the inspiring chapter of millions of strong men going out as crusaders to enter the lists against feudal hate for the cause of humanity and civilization.

The genius of Liberty must keep watch over every mound.

Ours the duty to serve the flag they cherished with all the faith that is in us; to keep it clean from every stain of polluted politics and tainted commercialism; ours to hallow the sacrifice of all our heroic dead by making the land they loved a great monument, dedicated to their memory in justice, wisdom, and brotherly love.

(Hosp. Sgt. Verlin J. Harold)

* * *

THE ARMY

"THE UNIVERSITY IN KHAKI"

THE world has walked the via doloroso. From that difficult yet wonderfully glorious journey have come many lessons—many blessings. Not the least among these, insofar as Americans are concerned, is the introductions of Americans to America's most distinguished institution—the United States Army.

In pre-war times Americans, intent upon their immediate tasks—their immediate problems—and knowing opportunity only as it existed in their immediate surroundings, appreciated but vaguely the purposes of and the opportunities offered by this great and many-sided organization.

The great war and its immediate aftermath has literally forced upon our people a truer understanding, and today there is scarcely an American of understanding age who is not familiar with at least one phase of the Nation's most representative body.

Situated on one of the beauty spots of our National Capital and serving

as a veritable human magnet, is the Walter Reed Army Hospital, giving to nearly 2,000 men the services of the most skilled or physicians and surgeons. The Walter Reed Hospital is but one of 57 General Hospitals operated by our Army, each of which is located among the most pleasant natural surroundings; each of which is employing the most able specialists; each of which is caring for quotas of Army men varying in numbers from 800 to more than 2,000. Yet all these together constitute but a single phase of the work and purpose of our Army.

The war intensified and drew attention to their great work.

But the Army is not always at war. It is not an instrument for bringing about war. Rather, it is one for preventing war, for a nation strongly armed is in much less danger of being assaulted or having acts of aggression perpetrated against it than one not so well prepared. Nor is it the policy of the Army to mark time in days of peace. In the past, during such periods, the Army engaged in work of estimable importance—the building of the Panama Canal, one of the milestones in human progress; the rehabilitation of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire; the pacification of the Republic of Cuba. And the American Army of today is preparing for, and will be called upon to accomplish, still greater peace-time achievements.

Among the most important of its future work—a phase already in operation—is the program for the education and training of the individual soldier.

The Army of today has become a veritable "University in Khaki," where expert instruction in almost numberless skilled trades and professions is offered the young men of the country.

An idea of the scope of its educational plan is suggested in the fact that the Motor Transport Corps has established schools for the training of chauffeurs, auto-repair men and auto-mechanics; that the schools operated by the Air Service are thoroughly training men in more than forty skilled trades; that the Enlisted Especialists' School of the Coast Artillery Corps is instructing men of all branches in electrical engineering

(Continued on page 14)



EDUCATIONAL SERVICE

The

Typists Are	Typing
Auto-men	Repairing
Draftsmen	Drafting
Electricians	Wiring
Farmers	Planting
Salesmen	Selling
Carpenters	Sawing
Shorthand Men	Scratching
Bookkeepers	Booking
What are you	Doing?

Don't be always chasing rainbows. Map out a definite course for your future and commence PREPARING for it now.

The Educational Department is here to help you. You need us and we need you. It has expert instructors in each line and thousands of dollars worth of equipment at your service and all for the asking.

Does time "hang heavily" on your hands? Do you get lonesome and listless? "Buck up," Buddie, it's all your own fault. Why not spend one or two hours a day studying one of the many courses offered?

Remember—We have THIRTY-THREE courses to select from, and furthermore,—IF WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT YOU DESIRE, SEE US—AND WE'LL GET IT. THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH—WHAT?

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EDUCATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION

Classes are being formed in different branches for the purpose of reaching all patients. Thirty-two have already joined the class for automobile mechanics, and many others are expected to come in to this class in the near future. It is unnecessary to stress the importance of all patients taking an interest in some of the de-

partments. Capable instructors are ready to do their part and there is simply no excuse for any one to stand back, or refuse a golden opportunity to begin a work intended to better your condition. Be alivewire, and begin shorthand. Typewriting, penmanship, auto mechanics, electrical engineering, pottery, raffia and reed work, toy making, Indian basketry card knotted belts and bags. Besides weaving, cartooning, academic courses, both class and bed-side instruction. For full information, see Maj. L. L. Bunker, chief of reconstruction.

♦ ♦ ♦

SOLDIERS REALIZING OPPORTUNITIES

Federal Board Convincing Disabled Soldiers of Genuineness of Government's Offer for Re-education.

Washington, May 29—One of the difficulties the Federal Board for Vocational Education has encountered in its work of re-

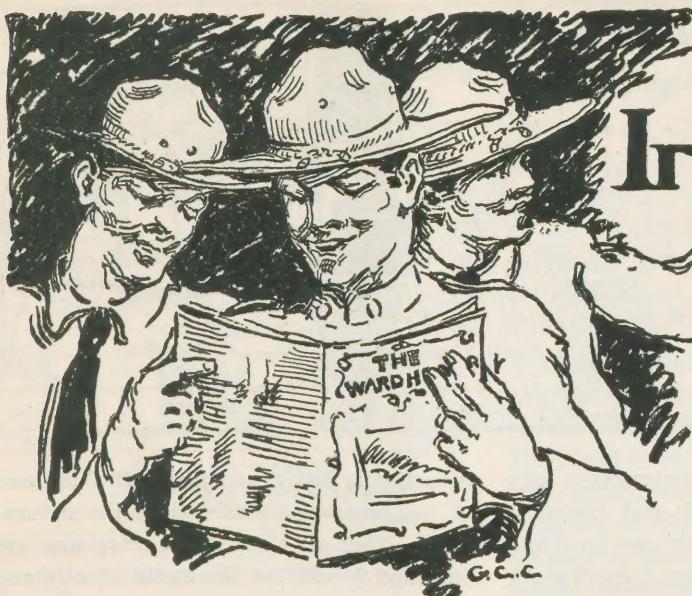
education is that of convincing disabled men of the generous aid offered by the government. That all expenses of retraining are paid and in addition the needs of wife and children supplied; that this is not considered a loan, but the payment of a just debt, and that their only obligation is to make good and useful citizens of themselves, seems too good to be true. But when the disabled soldier realizes that he is the beneficiary—not of public charity, but of national gratitude, he accepts the proffered offer of re-training with good grace.

Already there have been 81,741 men to register with the Board, the Vocational Advisers have made contracts with 52,367 of these 2,079 have started their training under the guidance of the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Of the 4,376 cases approved for training by the Federal Board for Vocational Education over 1,200 of them have been approved for trade and industrial training, 846 for agricultural, more than 1,200 for commercial and business courses, about 850 for professional courses. Three hundred and ninety-two are taking academic training and 99 are studying in some special course.



RECONSTRUCTION
(This is the life)



In Private Life



Due to the fact that all the members of our once famous foreign legion are being discharged daily, Kolbert and Mamluck are seriously considering changing their names to Miltonio Kolberti and Solonio Mamucci, in order that they may get their immediate release from service.

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Dear Editor:—

Why do some of the soldiers smoke cigarettes through a holder that is about six inches long?

NURSE.

Dear Nurse:—

Guess it must be because their mothers told them to keep away from tobacco.

EDITOR.

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Corp. Oscar Oehlerking wears an expectant expression on his face these days.

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Sgt. 1st class Gerber was seen wearing a black necktie one of those chilly days last week. If he gets any colder we expect to see him wearing a pair o' sleeve supporters. Incidently we wonder why he is breaking in a man on his desk.

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Ask Sgt. Roberts about that telephone conversation he had with the Medical Supply room the other day.

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Four little Aides sitting neath a tree,
Along came a Major, and then there
were three,

Three little Aides looking very blue

A Hospital Inspector toddled up and then there were two
Two little Aides feeling they'd been done
But along came an Adjutant, then there was one
One little Aide ready for a cry
Along came a shavetail, but he walked right by.

(There's a Reason)

❖ ❖ ❖

ATTENTION MESS OFFICER!
Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon;
And it may come to pass, we will have to eat grass
If it doesn't come down very soon.

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Private Eugene G. Wiggins, who served his four years, and then some, in the Army, was discharged last week in order to re-enlist for another period of three years. Private Wiggins was re-enlisted by Captain Hamley on May 23rd.

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A game of baseball is scheduled for today between our non-beatable team and Oteen. Although the team will be handicapped by the absence of Darling and Indorf we hope to be able to administer the usual defeat.

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No baseball games were played by Kenilworth during the week ending May 24th. Seemed as if all the colleges are closed and there are now but a few teams still holding together. We are looking forward for more games and hoping they will be as interesting as those in the past.

The boys welcome Sgt. Reaney to his new detail. Give him a hand boys, he's a good fellow.

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O'Rourke, Bauman, Curtin and Indorf left for a ten day furlough, for the big city and will be greeted by the Kistner boys. What a time they will have? Don't be hoggish. Bring some back.

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At last Stoopack is doing some real work. "Go to it Max," the war isn't over yet.

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Al Swartz, the original Ja-Da kid has made his debut in Asheville society.

❖ ❖ ❖

Wurmser, our famous monologist has returned from a short furlough of 27 days and is now ready to resume entertaining the boys.

❖ ❖ ❖

By the size of the sign on Barnwell's bed it's a cinch he doesn't care who knows it, which differs from most of us.

❖ ❖ ❖

Alterman has nothing on Heald when it comes to paying BETS.

❖ ❖ ❖

Douglass Muir does not want his discharge because he cannot take advantage of the 5 cent a mile rate, but must be sent to Camp Dix and his home is only 10 miles from that camp.

❖ ❖ ❖

McDaniels and Dorman the movie fans can be seen going to town every night. Is it Asheville's fair ones or really the movies?

❖ ❖ ❖

Cipolla—Wat's de matter my fisona Falsone gitta da discharge an me no can get.

EASY

Most anyone can be an editor, says The Lamer (Mo). All the editor has to do is sit at his desk six days out of the week, four weeks out of the month, and twelve months out of the year, and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek let a can-opener slip last week, and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad in Picketown threw a stone and hit Mrs. Pike in the alley last Thursday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked and bit Mr. Green on the Public Square."

"Isiah Trimmer of Running Creek was playing with a cat last Friday, when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. Short while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn patch."

* * *

GOOD ADVICE

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the Button;
"Never be led," said the Pencil;
"Take pains," said the Window;
"Always keep cool," said the Ice;
"Be up to date," said the Calen.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel;

"Make light of all your worries and troubles," said the fire;

"Do a driving business," said the Hammer;

"Aspire to greater things," said the Nutmeg;

"Never be beaten," said the Egg Beater;

"Never be hard boiled," said the Egg;

"Never be struck on yourself," said the Match;

"Always see yourself as you are," said the mirror;

"Expect to be sometimes sat on," said the Chair;

"Don't be a stew," said the Prune.

* * *

The QM quarters in Biltmore has looked like the home of self-respecting citizens since rough neck Curtin broke Hashagen's red colored light.

Dear E. Z. Pain:—

I have heard a rumor to the effect that an open air dancing pavilion would be built and have weekly dances for the privates, this is a fine idea, but why all the delay? What better than the month of June for this kind of sport when love's dreams are sweetest. How much of this rumor can we believe?

TANGO QUEEN.**Tango Queen:—**

I am sorry but the information you seek is beyond me, but hope it is true.

E. Z.

* * *

Mr. E. Z. Pain:—

Almost every week something appears in the Ward Healer about me and some times it isn't so nice even though it is the truth. What shall I do about it?

MR. I. KANT TAKIT.**Mr. I. Kant Takit:—**

This life is full of knocks and most of them are for our own good, so be a Regular Fellow and say nothing, in the end you will be the winner, doesn't pay to be a sore-head.

E. Z.

* * *

Hon. E. Z. Pain:—

I fell for the girl on last week's cover. Is there any chance of meeting her? I am sure I could make her love me as I am rather handsome and a very good dancer. Always mix well with the better class of people, in fact everything a girl could wish for.

A SERGEANT.**Dear Sergeant:—**

From your description I am sure any girl would love you, but do you really think she is good enough for you? Think this over carefully before making such a sacrifice of yourself.

E. Z.

* * *

Some of our readers are wondering what's gone wrong in Fairy Land. Nothing except Haldt is batting a thousand in the 'Y' league and Erb's social activities have ceased owing to a renewal of his course in special duties.

THE MODERN DEBORAH

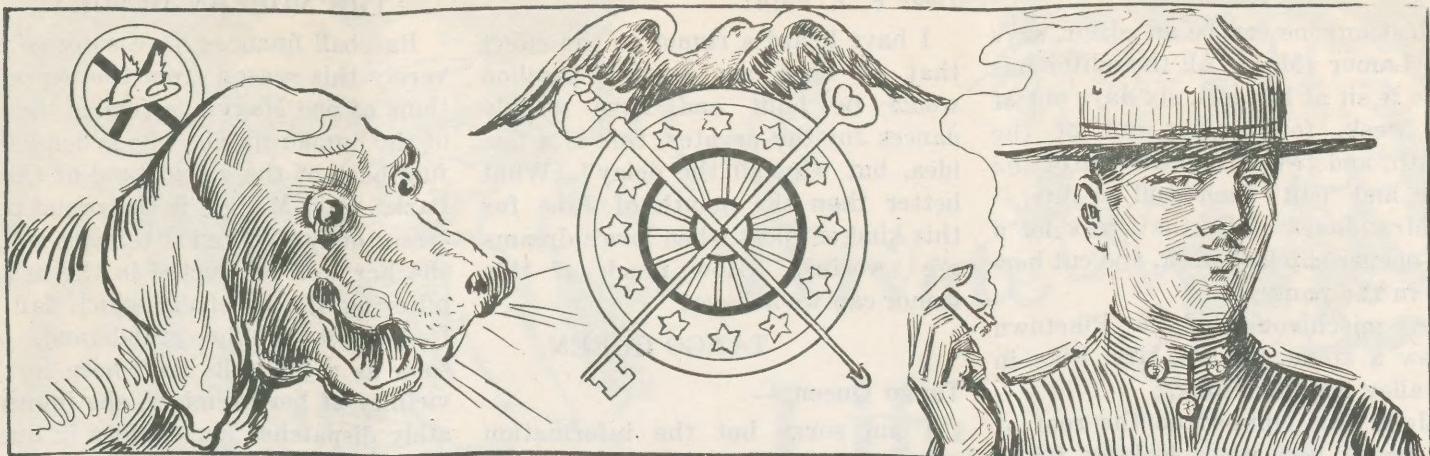
Baseball finances have suffered severely this season from the depredations of one Maggie, a female tigress of the human species who is domiciled just back of the grandstand of Oates Park. Said Maggie is the proud possessor of two white rat terriers whom she has well instructed in the art of pilfering the baseballs which fall as fouls back of the grandstand. As soon as a ball falls anywhere in the vicinity of her premises, she immediately dispatches her canines in quest of the sphere and they retrieve it immediately, in spite of the showers of sticks and stones that are sometimes hurled at them.

To date, Maggie has stolen about forty balls, which, if computed in the scale of our good friend, By Gosh's vernacular, would be worth about fifty "scads." This modern Amazon seems to have bluffed the whole Asheville police force, for despite the fact that they have twice been notified of her misdemeanors, none have shown any inclination to face her. And according to our thinking, well might her militant oaths—which fall from her lips with ten-fold more acrimony than those issuing from one of Cromwell's Ironsides—coupled with her dogs and the trusty fowling piece which she always keeps handy, make stouter hearts than these quake with fear and trembling.

Oh, Maggie, Maggie, from thy vituperative curses and snarling canines, angels and ministers of grace defend us! But withal, Maggie, bitter is the memory of those lost "scads" gone forever.

* * *

Quite a few men are dropping their government insurance, so we are informed by the Insurance Officer. This is very bad practice indeed as this insurance is the best on the market today and has features that are not contained in any other policy. Government insurance can be converted within five years of date of discharge into any one of the six forms of policies that will be issued. You do not have to be re-examined but can bring about this conversion for the asking. Don't drop it men, you can never get another like it. Once it is dropped you can never get another from the government.



Nine discharges in one bunch, that's the record so far as the Q. M. is concerned and that is what happened last week. We lost a bunch of our best men, and, speaking for the rest of us, I say that we were sorry to see them go. Those sent to demobilization centers for discharge were, Sgt. Carl Hashagen (there went our music), Corporal Root and Corporal Sweet, (there went two of our Beau Brummels), Pvt. 1st class Swartz (the QM Backstop), Pvt. 1st class Howard, (one of the QM Hurlers), Pvt. 1st class Darling, (he who has so ably held down the third corner of the BIG BB team), Pvt. 1st class Bacon, (of the Medical Supply Room), Pvt. Leo Law, (South ward bound), and Signor Rocco Mimemti (froma Sunny Italee.)

* * *

EXPLAINING THE PICTURES

The photo on this page is one taken on the much-talked-of trip to Mount Pisgah, taken by the QM and MTC Detachment some time ago.

Don't the sight of those steaks broilin' over the fire make yo' mouth water? Of the boys seen in this picture, Kossin, Hashagen, Swartz, Sweet, Downer, Howard and Bacon are all gone from here. Some of them are in civies by now, while the others have been sent to demobilization camps where they will soon be discharged.

By GOSH.

* * *

Folks, I hereby disclaim any writings you may see on this page that are NOT signed by GOSH. If I have anything to say about ANYTHING or ANYBODY I'll say it and put my cognomen right under where all can see and read. Just want to say this so that, if by any chance an article

appears on this page that someone don't like they can place the blame. NONE genuine without the signature
By GOSH

* * *

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

We are raising a MUSTACHE. Yes, we are, although as yet it may not be evident to the careless glance. But, give us time, it'll grow, mebbe.

No doubt our hirsute adornment will be the target for all sorts of so-called WITTY remarks. Go to it, such things will only serve to promote the growth of the aforesaid adornment.

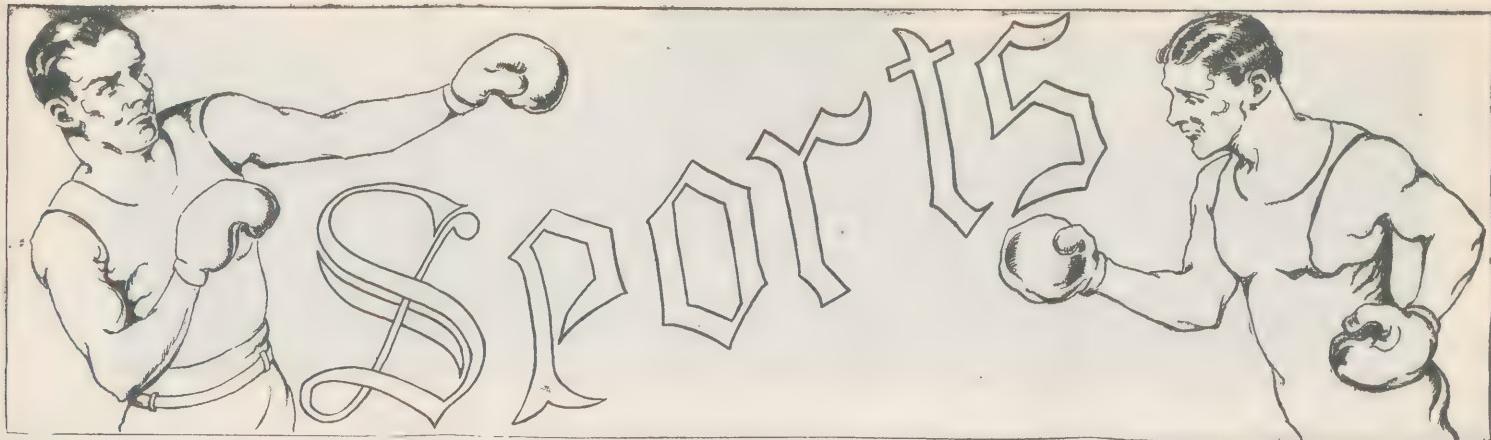
We will be asked one thousand and fifty two times by disinterested parties what is the matter with our upper lip. Two hundred and three persons, gifted in sarcastic utterances will call attention to the fact that our eyebrow has been misplaced. Sixty-six beautiful and gifted young ladies will tell us that they just HATE those horrid mustaches. In reply to these sixty-six beautiful and gifted we will make reply sixty-six times that we can't

see why they should worry, they won't ever come in contact with it. Fifteen hundred and twenty-three assorted persons will look at us and giggle. Two thousand and two very original parties will spring that NEW one about the baseball team. You know, nine on each SIDE. Two thousand and two equally original parties will make that NEW comeback anent the football eleven. You know, eleven on each SIDE. We will be made the subject of clever chatter in the WH each week, in the Officers' OWN column and other departments of this illustrious publication. We will be spoken of as that Loot with the Charley Chaplin thing on his upper lip. One person MAY spring a real original mustache joke and give us a good laugh. MEBBE.

But take it all in all we are going to have a lotta fun over this little decoration (?) before we get tired of it and drop in to let Gladstone tear it out by the roots.

By GOSH.





TENNIS

Tuesday, May the 27th marked the opening of the Tennis Season at Kenilworth, the ice being broken by Captain Greene, and Lieut. J. R. Barker, in a practice tilt. An order regarding the schedules for play has been posted and it is desired by the physical director that tennis enthusiasts become familiar with the exact schedule. For further information and equipment see the physical director.

* * *

SWIMMING SEASON STARTS

The swimming interests have been aroused, and a team to represent the hospital had their first trial in the waters of the Asheville School lake. Thru the courtesy of Mr. Howe, of the American Red Cross, and Mr. Axford of the Y. M. C. A. transportation was furnished. Promising material has put in an appearance and there is no doubt that Kenilworth will carry off the Nautical Honors of the season. In the following men, we should build a team, second to none. In speed swimming and relay work the following men showed good form: Rosen-schein, DuBlan, Bergman, Muir and Frankel. Fancy diving will be defended by Pep Bergman, DuBlan, while the underwater swimming and plunge will undoubtedly be handled by Erb. Cuomo, Goldsmith, Chappel, Tashoff and Hatch are aspirants and with a little conscientious training will give a good account of themselves as aquatic competitors. Any shy record breaker in our midst, report immediately to Pep. In connection with the swimming events that will be staged from time to time, the American Red Cross system of life saving and resuscitation will be promoted.

Negotiations are being made with Oteen for a dual aquatic meet.

Ask Reaney, Hughes, Hitchens, Pep, Cuomo and Gordon how to play Head Soccer Ball. 'Nough Said.

* * *

PATIENTS TAKE TO VOLLEY BALL

Comments have been made from time to time about men engaged in various lines of athletic work at Kenilworth, but never has there been much said about our convalescent patients. Although the Medical Gymnastic classes have been carried on with seemingly good results under the supervision of Major Lienbach, and direction of the Physical Director, it is only recently that the men have engaged in various light activities, such as play ground ball, quoits and volley ball. Tuesday last, a team, captained by Epps, versus one headed by Reed clashed in an exceedingly fast match, resulting in two straight victories out of three games played for captain Reed's team. The game was strictly a patients affair, even to the referee and umpire, our Ex-Pitcher, 'Leatherneck Moleski'. The final score standing at 12-19, for the first game, and 21-20 for the second. The line-up is as follows:

Captain, Epps
Johnson
Stone
Biddle
Goff
Armus
Thompson
Senna
Lewis
Hicks
Walters

Captain, Reed
King
Archer
Miller
Myers
Smith
Nunnelly
Simpson
Coleman
Stout
I Dono

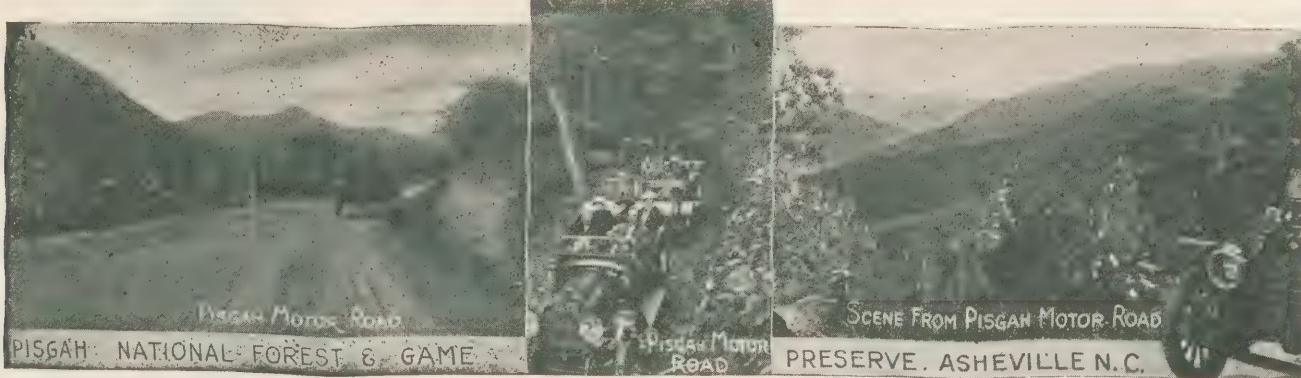
OFFICERS TAKING TO ATHL TICS

The athletic bug at Kenilworth has bitten a few of the officers during the past week. Judging from the manner in which they turned out at various occasions for a whirl at one or another athletic event. Baseball seems to be the major interest judging from the turnout in this sport. A team composed of officers played the enlisted patients' team at Oates Field and were downed by their wary opponents. We are glad to note that they were not disheartened in the least but have decided that exercise after all in one form or another is really what they need mingled with the good fellowship that goes with it.

Quoits seem to hold a special interest for a few of the officers. Several matches having taken place on the playground recently, with Lieut. Hance, Capt. Thomas as a team versus Major Lienbach and Pep Bergman, featuring in a fast and hotly contested match. Major Lienbach and his partner defeating their opponents in two out of three games. The latter issues challenge to any other two men team in the hospital. Captain Werner, the golf expert, with Lieut. Donnelly, Lt. Harrison, Capt. Alsop, have taken active part in quoit games staged.

A record of 41' 6" has been established by Lieut. Sanders in shot put (12) pound shot) There is undoubtedly a great deal of hidden talent in the hospital. Why not go the Lieut. one better.

Then too, we have high jumping, Lieut. Whiting of the Laboratory, although silently and secretly has been carrying on his one man meet for the past week or so has established a high jump mark in the neighborhood of 5 feet. Go get him!



THE PISGAH NATIONAL FOREST AND GAME PRESERVE

(N. Buckner)

The Pisgah National Forest, as the name implies, is the property of the Nation, of the people of the United States. The recreational features of the Pisgah National Forest are the most prominent of their attractions. As a part owner of this great Forest, every citizen should be interested in their care, management and especially its resources and possibilities, and uses to which it may be placed to himself and others.

The Pisgah National Forest and Game Preserve is the only great National Forest in the East. It comprises over 100,000 acres of practically virgin hardwood forest in the Southern Appalachians, of the section known as the "Land of the Sky" in the "Heart of the Blue Ridge." Of this area 86,000 acres were purchased from Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt, widow of the late lamented Mr. George W. Vanderbilt who established the Forest, named it, and conceived and established within its bounds the first systematic forest conservation and reforestation project in America.

This vast area has been stocked with deer, Australian pheasant, and other game animals and birds, while there are a considerable number of the black and brown bear and many smaller game animals. A herd of Elk was placed in a great 250 acre fenced pasture two years ago. They were brought from Jackson's Hole, Yellowstone Park, in charge of one of the District Forestry men of the west. The long journey together with the poor condition of the Elk when they started, brought the original herd of 25 down to nine when they arrived at

the great enclose built for them in the Pisgah National Park. There are now half dozen elk, and indications bid fair for a big herd of these great animals within the next few years.

Four big buffalo were placed in another 250 acre enclosure in the Pisgah National Forest early March, 1919, brought here through the efforts of the Forestry Department at Washington, The American Bison Society, the Asheville Board of Trade, the Appalachian Park Association and various interested individuals. Mr. W. S. Garretson, secretary of the American Bison Society, selected the animals from the Austin Corbin herd of New Hampshire, and accompanied them in big express cars via passenger train to Hominy, a small station on the Southern Railway 10 miles west of Asheville, where the great animals were loaded in their crates onto wagons drawn by four big horses and taken to their future abode way up on Little Pisgah.

The streams of the Pisgah National Forest abound in speckled trout, and permits for enjoying this fascinating and exciting sport may be had from the United States District Forester's office in the Drhumor building, Asheville, who has charge of the Forest.

Camping privileges may also be had from the Forester's office, and the Pisgah National Forest offers unusual attractions for most enjoyable camp life in the great out of doors of these matchless mountains.

However, mountain life in the Great Out of Doors is not all in climbing Pisgah, 5,749 feet, or Mitchell, 6,711 feet, or any of the other 64 peaks hereabouts 6,000 feet and upwards, or catching trout or snaring the "wiley cotton tail"; but the quiet lounger in a hammock or bunk amidst

the stately pines and giant oaks, flanked by the tremendously gorgeous rhododendron, matchlessly beautiful in its pure white, purple, and variegated blossoms; the loiterer along the streams and across the fields of wild flowers whose name is legion; the gazer from the crags and outlaying mountain points whose view stretches across smiling, peaceful valleys and growing fields; all realize that they are feasting to the very full of their souls and bodily vigor.

The Pisgah Motor Road, from the country road through Hominy valley, sixteen miles long, was constructed seven years ago by the late Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt, two years before his death, across Pisgah and beyond into the wonderful Pink Beds to the west. The name "Pink Beds" is probably derived from the immense qualities of sourwood, sumac, rhododendron and the almost innumerable pink, red and scarlet flowers and leaves that, as in the perfect Persian tapestry, blend in perfect color harmony.

Dream of a splendid mountain highway carved into the precipitous sides of the mountain, as it winds back and forth across, around and through mountain ridges and spurs and across coves, through primeval forests of giant trees, the cool air laden with the fragrance of the dense wild foliage and flowers.

Dream no further, but come and realize your dream! Come to the Land of the Sky over Highways from the North, South, East and West or by the Southern Railway and its connections. Come to the "Land of Dreams Come True," aye, where reality surpasses the dream, and where the warm hospitality of the people say, "Ours now, yours when you come."



'Y goin' in town t'night Tom?"

"Don't b'lieve I will,, Harry. Y know there's not a blooming thing stirring there except the movies."

"Aw come off, Tom. Ask Dick, he knows."

"You can bet your sweet life I do. First time I struck this town I was the homesickest, bluest doughboy that ever was. One of the fellows out here told me about that Red Circle business in town. I was sorter doubtful at first 'cause you know I was a green country yap and I had a notion that all they did at this place was dance, n'all that. Well! I went in just to see what it was like and I hit there on a night when they were pulling off something 'specially for us country fellers. We had a candy pull and I met loads of nice girls. And there was a lady there who played a sort of a mother to us guys; tell you it sure makes a fellow feel good to know that soemone is working for him and his bunkies. You can come to quarters after mess just dogtired, too tired to even write home, too homesick to even talk to anyone and somebody puts you wise to this place. You come in kinder doubtful 'cause you don't know nothing about it and you find everything made for your comfort. There are big easy chairs to rest in, books to read, papers from your own state, pool tables and tables for chess and checkers, writing materials and a Victrola and piano. And it's yours, boy! You needn't be afraid to use it. It's there for you. Then there's the cafeteria. Gee! but you can get a supper there for just forty cents. And there are the dances for them guys as likes to dance and the candy pulls and old fashioned parties for those that like them too. And—sure mike! It's a peach of a place."

So it came about that Tom, Dick and Harry found the War Camp Com-

munity Service. It's their club and it's your, too. Are you blue? Come around to the Club. Haven't you heard from home? Come down and write 'em. Do you want to meet nice girls? We are ready to introduce you. You may have free use of our pool tables and our reading rooms. We are here to help you and your

friends. We are putting on these old time parties for you men who don't dance and dances for you who do. Our cafeteria is here for your convenience. We are here for your benefit and don't you forget it. Just try us and find out. Drop in at 16 Broadway and you'll find that we're always ready to serve.

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The Officers Chatter

NOTES ON THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

We have heard that men have been fascinated by women as well as by serpents, but we never dreamed that one could be so hypnotized by a baseball that he was unable to run out a fair fly. Major Leinbach would make a good line officer; he is able to stand his ground.

Despite fast approaching senility, "Rip" Alsop, until recently star hurler for Virginia Military Institute, displayed flashes of his old-time speed. He was not weak with the willow, either, as the score book will indicate.

"Rip" side-kick, "Methusaleh" Thomas, also has a few good years ahead of him, to which fact his celerity in left will testify. And, by the way, wasn't that some grounder he knocked—accidentally?

Despite the fact that he was nicknamed "Joe Downey" by the fans, Seabright's real middle name is Ty Cobb, owing to the marvelous speed he displayed—not on the bases, but in center field.

Anthony's heaving was easily a stellar feature of the game. With a varied assortment of curves, chief of which were the molar inshoot and the cocaine drop, he had our rivals fairly nonplussed, a shattered biceps being the only reason for his retirement. Besides, he has big-league possibilities because he fights for every point, in this respect resembling Johnny Evers and Joe Downey.

As an umpire, "Captain Kidd" Caldwell is a good left-fielder. He must have had some legal tender on the patients, or else Seabright has been beating his time with some Asheville Jane. Several times he "knocked us for a gool."

Captain Hamley was a keen disappointment to the many spectators, for

purposely did he refuse to canter around the sacks. The second time he was at bat he thought he was still in the field, and the ball he tried to catch netted him his base. But he had left his pep some years ago on the Tulane gridiron, and so he positively refused to hit the dirt.

The fans, however, were partly compensated when they saw him, in the last part of the game, play the Japanese juggling stunt with that hot liner which wore whiskers and a mustache 'n everything.



In last week's issue of the Ward Healer there appeared an article criticising as well as boosting the baseball players on the excellent Kenilworth team. This article was written by Captain W. H. Hamley and it was not intended that the writeup should be anonymous, as Captain Hamley as a rule writes all the baseball dope, it was thought that there would be no need of signing the sheet. However, the article was written not as one who is an officer in the Army or even as Morale Officer but as a mere baseball fan criticising the action of the players. There was not, nor is there now any feeling existing between Captain Hamley and Lieutenant Donnelly, that is of the bad sort. It was the intention of the writer to call attention to some of the shortcomings of the team as well as to the excellent work on the part of some of the players. It will be admitted that all of us have our bad innings, as it were, but there should also be some spirit of sportsmanship among us too. If Lieutenant Donnelly feels that I have done him an injustice or hurt him in the least, this will be offered as an apology. It has been thought too that the article was censored by Captain Jens Christensen, the official censor of the paper, but this is not true. Captain Christensen did not see the article before it went to press, as it was given the editor of the paper by Captain Hamley without the knowledge of the censor.

The writer however swears off from now on as a critic, especially since the article has created such an unnatural atmosphere within our surroundings.

WILLIAM H. HAMLEY,

Captain M. C.

Captain Bernard R. Kennedy, F. A., has departed on his Therapeutic leave. We hope that the Captain will benefit by his outing.



Lieutenant Donald S. Sammis, Engineer Corps, who has been a patient at this hospital for some time and who was really convalescent is now again in the hands of the surgeons. Lieutenant here's hoping that you will be out again and on the last lap of recovery.



Lieutenant Alfred F. Orth, M. C., who has been quite ill for the past two weeks is now recovering. Lieutenant Orth is one of our most efficient officers and his absence from duty has been regretted. We hope to see the Lieutenant out soon fully recovered from his illness.



Major Robert F. Leinbach, Lieutenant Edwin Hennes and Lieutenant James A. Baker, all medical officers are enjoying short leaves.



There are a few more Souvenir books on hand of the hospital and if you wish one (or two) see Captain Hamley or Private Shields. Prices same as usual, paper fifty cents, leather one dollar sixty-five. By mail ten cents extra.



Captain Alsop starred at the officers ball game last week. The Captain has no doubt handled the apple on previous occasions.



Chaplain Williams looked like a real professional on the first sack last week, why when the ball was thrown his way he fairly snapped at it, seldom losing one.



Lieutenant Woody who has been one of our bed patients for a long time is now about in a rolling chair. We can all say that we are glad to see him out.



Now since Baker has gone on a leave of absence, Breakey stays at home nights, and the editor of this column notices a dearth of inspiration.



And say, cul, isn't it strange that J. A. is coming back before July 1st, and via Cincinnati at that?

Everybody at this post regrets to hear that Captain Stark, the Chief of the Laboratory, has been transferred to Camp Eustis, Lee Hall, Va. It is one of the fortunes of war that we lose a man of geniality and learning, one who knew baseball as well as bugs.

* * *

Even if the Germans' obligation to return to England the skull of the Sultan Okwawa has been characterized as a piece of bonehead diplomacy, we believe that the strict attention being paid to details in the Peace Treaty will cause that little German Band to play the "Prussian Blues."

* * *

FEET

Feet are necessary parts of the human machine, being designed by a wise Nature for perambulation, football, and pony choruses. The average size is the same for men and women, but the latter disguise this fact through the medium of torture and tight shoes. If it is true that "all the angels have big feet," St. Peter's realm must be as bare of Chinese women as Asheville is of sunny days. Feet are called feet by real people, but pedal extremities by the prudish. If it weren't for feet, we wouldn't have galoshes or bunions or silk stockings, you know,—or anything else worth while.

* * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Sir: An S-C-D, you give to me!

Sir: Why not a D-S-C?

I fought the fight with all my might;
Behold me: A war scarred sight.

S-C-D, it is true, we give to you;
But 'tis a badge of great honor, too.

For all will know, where're you go,
And eyes will kindle, hearts o'erflow.

A welcome true, awaits for you
In the hearts of men, 'tis your just
due.

And honor fair, found everywhere;
Bright emblem yours, this proudly
wear.

Your S-C-D comes from D-S-see?
And you have a D-S-S-C-D.

Reveille.

THE SWATTING SEASON

AS we were saying, when we left off swatting the flies to swat the Germans, it is easier to kill a fly now than it is three months later, when that same fly will have become a mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother, etc to a total progeny, grand and otherwise of 39,000,000,000,003 flies. This does not include horseflies or deerflies or bottleflies or butterflies or fireflies—but just houseflies the kind that, according to the nursery rhyme, used to walk on baby's nose.

The need for industry in fly swatting is enhanced this season by the fact that there was little swatting done last year, with the natural result that the fly's got a flying start this year, and probably already enjoy a population of several sextillion in advance of this time a year ago.

This, of course, means statistics that stagger. For example, supposing that a year ago every fly you got into a corner and dispatched with the business end of the swatter meant that you would not have to kill 39,000,000,000,003 later on—one can readily see that, providing one's quota this year is nine times what it was last year he will have killed, with nine well directed blows, no fewer than 351,000,000,000,027 flies. The amount of time thus saved amounts to a total of 100,000,000,000,153 minutes, or 1,600,000,002 hours and a half.

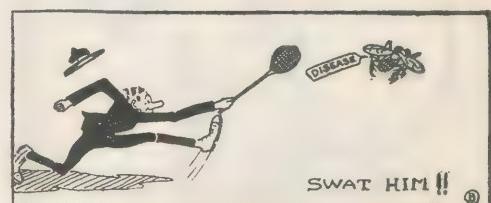
Now there are a lot of worthy things that one can accomplish in 1,600,000,002 hours. One can spade up



and plant to spinach a garden as large as the State of Rhode Island; or, traveling at the rate of one hundred and fifty thousand miles a minute one could go to the pole star and back again as far as the planet Jupiter; or, earning seven dollars a second, former kaiser Wilhelm could save enough money to make amends for the suffering which he has caused Belgium; or again, writing at the rate of one line a second, a schedule which the new poets permit themselves, one

could write four hundred million yards of free verse.

All this, mind you, represents time which you can save by swatting them early before they have a chance to ask for an armistice.



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50 Cents Per Plate

Chinese & American Restaurant

EIGHT NORTH PACK SQUARE

Come on, Buddies, Here's Your Chance— Jobs For All in the Medical Corps!

Don't talk about hard times and the difficulty of landing a good position. Uncle Sam, the biggest, fairest and squarest employer in the world has just the place all waiting for you with the Medical Department of the army.

What if your arm is still stiff from that wound they handed you in Flanders or your eyesight impaired from that bursting shell in the Argonne and you are disqualified for the doughboy? Try the medics—they need brave and courageous men, and the physical requirements are easier.

It is the second highest branch of the service.

Think of the Advantages Offered You!

TRAVEL—EDUCATION—GOOD PAY

In civil life you deduct food, quarters, clothing and entertainment from your pay. With the medical corps you deduct—NOTHING—from your pay. Uncle Sam furnishes all that along with salary. Make a comparison.

The peace-time army differs vastly from the war-time army. You are certain of your job from day to day.

Don't Worry—Join the Medical Corps and Let Uncle Sam Do It

(Continued from page 4)

—telephones, cables, dynamos, motors, etc.; that the Army School for Cooks and Bakers is teaching men their particular trades; that the Infantry, the Cavalry, the Field Artillery, the Corps of Engineers, the Signal Corps, the Ordnance Corps, and the Quartermaster Corps all offer courses in highly specialized occupations. In fact there is scarcely a single line of endeavor that is not represented in the curriculum of the Army's educational program.

And by offering such education and such training the Army accomplishes two great ends. It develops Army men collectively into a gigantic and efficient organization capable of handling the important peace problems with which it will be intrusted, and it prepares the individual man for greater individual usefulness and greater individual reward, whether the man remains in the service of the Army or returns to civil life.

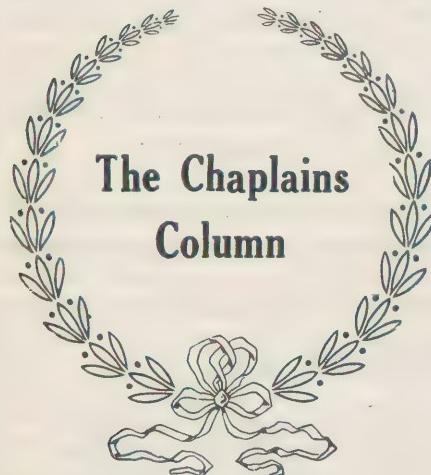
In so doing the Army does not forget or overlook the individual. There is no tuition charged by the "University of Khaki." Instead, its policy is, "Earn While You Learn," and to those who enroll comes not only good pay but travel, recreation, clothing, comfortable quarters, wholesome food and expert medical and dental attendance.

This interest in the individual is shown in other respects. Promotions in the ranks, with accompanying higher pay, come swiftly to the ambitious; opportunity to enter West Point as cadets comes to ninety men each year, while to additional numbers comes the opportunity of gaining commissioned ratings by direct promotion from the ranks. And, after thirty years of service, the Army bestows upon the individual for the remainder of his life three-fourths of the pay of the grade held by him upon retirement, plus \$9.50 per month for clothing and rations, plus \$6.50 per month for quarters, light and heat, plus the privilege of purchasing his supplies at cost from Army supply depots.

Everyone is familiar with the phase—"The Greatest Mother in the World." It is the very apt characterization of the American Red Cross and no one denies that it truly typifies the great humanitarian aim of

that wonderful organization. There is a vastly similar phase now coming into use. This phase is—"The Nation's Greatest Father." It is being employed to characterize the aim of the United States Army—THE NEW UNITED STATES ARMY—in its relation to the individual soldier, and just as truly as the aim of the Red Cross is symbolized by its expression, "The Greatest Mother in the World," so is the purpose of our Army made clear in the newer slogan—"The Nation's Greatest Father."

J. F. KERR,
Brig.-General.



The services last Sunday morning were conducted by Chaplain Williams, who spoke on "The Naturalness of Prayer." Miss Dorothy Atkinson of West Asheville was the soloist.

"The Call of Obedience" was the subject of Mr. Axford's address in the evening. The lesson was taken from the call of Samuel.

Rev. Willis G. Clark, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church of Asheville, will be the speaker at the morning service next Sunday. It is hoped that a large number will be present to hear him, for he is one of Asheville's best.

The evening service will be conducted by the Chaplain and Mr. Axford.

Remember the hours, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m., and come promptly, please.

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THE United States Civil Service Commission announces that there is seldom a time when examinations of less than 100 different kinds are open for positions in the Federal civil service. Examinations are held for all classes of positions from mere unskilled laborer to the highest grades of professional, technical, and scientific positions.

Information concerning pending examinations and civil service matters generally may be obtained from the secretary of the local board of civil service examiners at the post office or custom house in many of 3,000 cities, or by communicating with "The U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C." In any request for information made by mail the inquirer should state in general terms his desires and qualifications in order that his inquiry may be answered intelligently.

The Commission is also represented in practically all military establishments in the United States where men are assembled in considerable numbers. The name and location of the representative of the Civil Service Commission at any particular establishment may be obtained at the office of the commanding officer.

By direction of the Commission.

Very respectfully,
MARTIN A. MORRISON.

President.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE REAL THING

"So this is a German officer's helmet?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure it's genuine? I understand a factory in France is manufacturing helmets to sell to American soldiers as souvenirs."

"I guess this one is genuine," replied the doughboy, calmly. "I got it in exchange for an uppercut landed on a Prussian's jaw."

♦ ♦ ♦

SICK.

(By Pvt. J. Richard Gacney, U. S. A.)

"Were you very sick with the flu, Rastus?"

"Sick, sick! Man, Ah was so sick mos' ebery night Ah look in dat er casualty list for mah name."

Do you like your clothes
to be white as snow?

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SPECIAL RATES TO SOLDIERS

"We Like to Cater to People Who Care"



May eleventh was set apart as mothers' day. On that day the War Department was anxious for every man in service—who has one—to write home to mother. When we stop to think of this, it is a subject that should have appealed to everyone of us. To us who have been so fortunate to have a mother care for us when we were helpless and a mother to love to provide the necessities and comforts of daily life, know what a mother means. Someone has said that the sweetest word in the English language is **MOTHER**. This is a very broad statement—nevertheless it is true. There is no care so kind as the care of a mother; there is no love so sweet and pure as the love of a mother; there is no tenderness and affection that can compare with the tenderness and affection of a mother. Then it seems quite appropriate that at least one day in the year should be set apart for each of us to show mother that we love and are thinking of her. Writing is a good way to show this. With some of us the one day per year is about our limit. If we were only to stop and think of the great love of our mother, how anxious she is about us and our welfare; how much pleasure a letter from us brings, I am sure that we would not be so neglectful and careless. We would not wait until mothers' day. There is no excuse for not writing. So let's all get the habit of writing at least one time every week.

The K. of C. has the paper, pens and ink which they are glad to furnish free. Make this your headquarters for writing to mother.



Soldiers Welcome!

The soldier is always welcome here. If there is any service we can render you, won't you please call on us?

4 PER CENT COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY ON
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**Big Reduction
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Trunks and Leather
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All This Week**

H. L. FINKELSTEIN
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Phone 887



The pool tables are going strong again. The location is bad and the posts in the basement interfere considerably with some shots, but it's the only place we have for them, so get the most you can out of the game as it is.

Don't forget the Y. M. C. A. employment service. As stated in the columns of this paper some time ago, the organization has arranged with the prominent newspapers in most of the states for free employment ads for soldiers. If you are interested, see Cobb at the 'Y'.

It would be a pleasure to see more men attending the Sunday services. These services are brief, informal, and helpful, we believe. Most of them are made more attractive by special music by some of the best talent in Asheville. Next Sunday morning the speaker will be Dr. Willis G. Clark of Trinity Episcopal Church. Dr. Clark is one of the most earnest speakers and clearest thinkers we have had the pleasure of hearing, and it is your misfortune if you fail to get his message.

Pep is getting up in the world—from life in a cabin to the bungalow style of living. SOME HOUSE.



In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news. "Sure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive the word from the war office?"

"No," she said, "I received word from himself."

The priest looked perplexed, and said, "But how is that?"

"Sure," she said, "here is the letter; read it for yourself."

The letter said, "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

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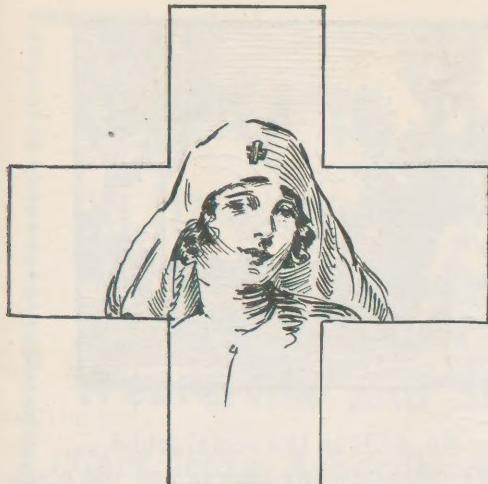
of you would please them
at home.



Make the appointment today

PELTON STUDIOS

Next to
Princess Theatre

**CARD PARTY**

On Friday last, the Red Cross gave a card party at the Red Cross House for the overseas nurses and officer patients. Bridge and Five Hundred were played. The Bridge prizes were won by Miss Clements and Lieutenant Keebler and the Five Hundred prizes by Miss Jenson and Lieutenant Leffler, and the party was much enjoyed by everybody present.

❖ ❖ ❖

UKELELE CONCERT

Last Wednesday, Mr. Cressey of Asheville very kindly came out to the Red Cross House and played the ukelele. Mr. Cressey's playing and singing were very much appreciated by a large audience who flocked to hear him.

❖ ❖ ❖

GIFTS

We received this week gifts of cookies and other eatables from Mrs. A. L. McLean and Miss Marion Case of Skyland, and we wish to express to these ladies our thanks for their generosity.

❖ ❖ ❖

VISITORS FROM OTEEN

On Tuesday of this week, Field Director Waite and some of the Red Cross staff from G. H. No. 19 made us a visit and spent the afternoon at the Red Cross House. This visit was a great pleasure to us here, and we hope it will be repeated frequently.

❖ ❖ ❖

AUTOMOBILE RIDES

Mr. Jameson has completed the organization of his automobile corps of Asheville ladies, and from now on we shall be able to furnish automobile rides regularly for the patients. The committee will be in charge of Mrs. Sylvio von Ruck.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

Is waiting for the opportunity to serve the man in uniform.

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Fresh vegetables, chickens, eggs and dairy products from our farms and dairy of registered Holstein Cows.

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O. H. FOSTER, Proprietor

**SMILES**

If you would win the friendship of the people in yo' town,
Jest spread a smile across yo'map and NEVER wear a frown.

Smiles are such little things, but frowns are little too.
And SMILES bring Joy and Happiness and friends to smile with you.

On history's pages you will find incidents so many,
Of failures who had lots of frowns, but of smiles they hadn't any.
Th' kaiser is a beaten guy, the reason is because
He never let a smile pop out and separate his jaws.

Napoleon, jest look at him, th' things that he did do.
He couldn't smile, in consequence, he met his Waterloo.
(To bear me out, have you ever seen a picture of old Nap,
That showed to you a real, wide smile agrowin' on his map?)

So if you really want th' love of people all aroun',
Just take that frown that's on yo' face and turn it upside down.
And then you'll find that this advice is truly well worth while,
For friends you'll have where e'er you go, attracted by yo' smile.

By GOSH.

* * *

Proprietor (just demobilized)—
"Yes," I've been through it—officers' cook two years—wounded twice."

Tommy (tasting the soup)—
"You're lucky, mate. It's a wonder they didn't kill yer."—London Opinion.

WHERE

Where are the girls who used to smile,
And the rides I used to get,
And where is the crowd that was very proud

To pass me a cigarette?
Time was when I danced with the maidens fair,
And captured their hearts by storm,
But I've lost my pull with the beautiful,
Since quitting the uniform.

I've sunk my toes into silken rugs
That only the rich can own.
At tables fine I've been asked to dine
In the heart of the social zone.
In the cushions deep of a limousine
I've rested my manly form,
But I've lost my graft with the "tony" craft
Since quitting the uniform.

I've been a king on the ball-room floor,

An ACE in the social whirl,
I could show my face in any old place
And never a lip would curl.
I could walk right up to a rich man's door,

And be sure of a welcome warm.
But I've changed a lot, and they know me not
Since quitting the uniform.

Now I walk down-town and autos pass
And nobody says "Get in."

And the girls are shy when I'm standing by

And they give me the tilted chin.
And nobody knows and nobody cares
Whether I eat or how,
I must buy my chuck, for I'm out of luck,—

I'm wearing the Civies now.

By Sgt. Alfred Weber.

* * *

Suggested inscription for the coins of the new German Republic: "What Hath Gott Wrought?"

SOLDIERS' Success

How shall our soldiers make a success of their lives? We're glad we can furnish the answer: By Thrift and Investment. That's all—and for any man that has thrift we have the right investment—the four per cent Certificate of Deposit, the advantages of which we will be glad to explain.

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every hour until 6:00 p. m.

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